

The True Northerner.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1881.

AMERICANS are said to have spent over \$8,000,000 in France last year for works of art, engravings and books.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE soldier, who made application for a pension eighteen years ago, has just received from the War Department the customary circular specifying the evidence required to establish his claim.

WALTER BRAY, for thirty years a popular negro minstrel, is a hopeless lunatic in a Massachusetts asylum. His right name is Baker, and he is a son of Gen. Baker, who was killed at the battle of Bull's Bluff.

UPWARD of thirty of the inhabitants of Palatine Bridge, Montgomery county, N. Y., with only 500 population, are declared to be worth from \$5,000,000 to \$20,000,000 apiece, which looks like a pretty fair-sized fish story.

PRESIDENT HAMMETT, of a North Carolina cotton company, says that his experience demonstrates the feasibility of getting an annual profit of 15 to 20 per cent. on the investment in a mill of 10,000 to 20,000 spindles anywhere in the cotton regions of the South.

COLORADO, the youngest of the States of the Union, has now 850 miles of railroad under contract, and has just been celebrating the opening of a 200-mile branch which completes a line 450 miles long, reaching from Denver to the Arkansas valley, in the extreme southwestern portion of the State.

DURING the year from Aug. 7, 1880, to the 7th inst., sixty-four feet were added to the height of the Washington monument, and there is now enough cut stone on the ground for thirty more feet. Col. Casey, the engineer in charge, says that the rapidity with which the work can be prosecuted depends entirely upon the rapidity with which the marble can be quarried and delivered.

AN iron casket was recently taken up from one of the oldest cemeteries in Washington city, from which all the bodies are being removed. It was very old-fashioned in shape. No one claimed it and no marks of identification could be discovered. Finally it was opened, and the features of the dead man were found unchanged, the face remaining as white and perfect as when buried. The mouth was slightly open. The flesh on the face, though rigid, was to the touch similar to that of a man recently dead.

A PIGEON fly from Spain to Belgium has just taken place, 380 birds being liberated at Bilbao (situated on the coast of the Bay of Biscay, and distant from Brussels, as the crow flies, about 700 miles) at 5 o'clock in the morning, the wind blowing from the southeast, and the weather very favorable. The winner of the first prize, a red mealy, arrived at 5:30 o'clock the following morning, and the last prize-taker (thirty-eighth) was registered at 5:48 o'clock p.m. Thirteen more birds returned later in the day. The velocity proper attained by the highest winner was 743 meters, or rather more than 800 yards, and that of the last was about 600 yards per minute.

DEAN STANLEY is said to have preached once upon a time with a black glove resting on top of his head. He could not tell what made the people gaze so earnestly at him while he was preaching. It so happened that he had been carrying the glove in his hat, and in removing the hat had left the glove on his head. His wife explained to him, on his mentioning the matter to her, how and why it was that the people gazed. Had the Dean been given to making gestures in the pulpit, or in stamping from one side to the other, as some clergymen do, the glove would have tumbled off. But his habit was to make little action while he preached, and his pulpit efforts were almost free from gesture.

THE flow of Italian immigration to this country is comparatively small, and one reason is that South America has proved a more attractive region for them. The Argentine Republic already contains 500,000 Italians, and they constitute more than one-half of the population of Buenos Ayres. They lately opened and carried on successfully an industrial exhibition, in which the raw and manufactured products of the country and the machinery and mechanical inventions chiefly used by the Italian residents were brought together. The results were astonishing to the native Spaniards. The Italians seem likely at no distant day to become the dominant people of the South American republic, as the English-speaking races are of the United States.

THE astronomers report that the greatest of planets, Jupiter, is in a state of tremendous agitation. The great red spot which made its appearance in 1878 has grown until it is now thought to be

25,000 miles long, and 5,000 or 6,000 miles broad, and it is said to be of a rose color. Some observers have supposed it to be an opening in the cloudy atmosphere of the planet, but its persistence in form and position seem rather to indicate that it is a solid thrust up through the sea of vapor surrounding the planet. There is no doubt that the changes now going on in Jupiter pertain to a much earlier period of world formation than anything that geology can trace in the history of the earth's continents. The human race will have disappeared from the earth long before that red spot on Jupiter has become a continent covered with forests and fields, watered by rivers, and rejoicing in the presence of animate existence.

THE late David Carroll, of Towson-town, Md., left an estate of about \$3,000,000 to his wife and five children. The unique feature of the document is that \$100,000 is set aside to be used by the executors to defend the will in case its provisions are attacked by any of the heirs. In explaining this singular provision the testator says: "I have often beheld with disgust the efforts of children to break their parents' wills, and the wasting of the fruits of their labors in litigation. I hereby express my hope and honest desire that my children will cheerfully accept the provisions of my will. No one of them has attempted to influence me. I had rather my property was buried in the depths of the ocean than wasted in litigation, and the peace and harmony of my family destroyed in the bitterness of contention." Should all the heirs agree to the provisions of the will, then the \$100,000 is to be divided among them.

THE Yorktown monument, which was ordered nearly a century ago, is about to be constructed at last, Congress having made the necessary appropriation. The design was prepared under the direction of the Secretary of War, and is thus described: The monument will be composed of three principal parts. First, a base which is 37 feet high and 38 feet square; second, a highly-sculptural podium, 25 feet high and 13 feet in diameter, in the form of a drum and supporting a column. This latter, which is part third, is 60 feet high, and at the base 7 feet in diameter. The four sides of the base contain: First, an inscription dedicating the monument as a memorial of the victory; second, an inscription representing a succinct narrative of the siege, prepared in accordance with the original archives in the Department of State; third, the treaty of alliance with the King of France, and fourth, the treaty of peace with the King of England. Upon the podium, which rises from the base, thirteen typical female figures are placed, hand in hand, encircling a drum, while upon a belt beneath their feet are the words: "One country, one constitution, one destiny." It is a symbol of the birth of freedom.

The Bosting Reporter.
Once a Chicago editor sent a wild and untutored son of the West, who wore his hair short and chewed plug tobacco, to an Eastern city to report a big horse race. Before the reporter went away the editor told him to look sharp when he got to the horse race, because there would be a lot of awfully smart reporters there from New York and Boston, and it would be great sport for them to "scoop" friendless and inexperienced young men from the West. So the reporter said he would try to keep up with the procession, and went away. When he got to the horse race he met a great many other reporters, one of whom was from Boston. This reporter was very cultured, but he didn't know a scalping boot from an overhead-check, and that is really the kind of culture that a man needs when he is writing about a horse race. The Boston reporter was very kind to the Chicago reporter and told him what a great city Boston was, and how smart a young man had to be before he could become a reporter there, and the Chicago reporter took another chew of plug tobacco and winked to himself. The Boston reporter asked the Chicago reporter if he had read Emerson's works, and the Chicago reporter said he hadn't—he had seen "Pinfare." Then the Boston reporter said: "Really, you astonish me," and went away to drink some Deep Rock water and smoke a cigarette. Then the Chicago reporter laughed heartily, and said in the reckless Wabash avenue way: "I wonder if that duck thinks I am a sucker that he can play on the end of a string. I should twitter that he will get left if he does." So he hunted up three other reporters and said to them: "Let's paralyze the gawk from Chicago." The other reporters were willing, and so they all wrote very long accounts of the races, going right from the track to the telegraph office, but the Boston reporter went to his hotel and had supper, and then he went to his room, telling the clerk to send up a messenger boy about midnight. When the boy came the Boston reporter gave him a long dispatch, but when it reached the telegraph office there was so much other matter ahead of it that the wires were blocked until four o'clock in the morning, and by that time it was too late to get a dispatch to Boston in time for the paper. —Chicago Tribune.

THE eminent physiologist, Dr. Carpenter, writes to the London Times the results of his observations during a period of half a century, on vaccination. He believes in it, thinks that cowpox and smallpox are essentially the same disease and he further favors re-vaccination. He believes that re-vaccination at the age of eighteen would almost exterminate smallpox in the British Isles.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SHOWING THE BROOK WITH HARRY.

BY EMILY CARTER.
Now, Harry, don't fear,
I will carry you dear,
So keep very quiet and steady;
The brook is not wide,
Nor swift is the tide;
Now for it, my pet—are you ready?
So over the stones we will go,
With step very careful and slow.
I have never slipped,
As ever then I tripped;
But then I had nothing to carry;
Now I must take heed,
The more haste, the worst speed,
For I bear in my arms little Harry;
So over the stones we will go,
With step very careful and slow.
Almost every hind
That ever I heard of,
On the bank there comes now to be singing;
And I smell the sweet hay
From the field by the way,
The wind all its notes brings,
So over the stones we will go,
With step very careful and slow.

CHILDREN'S GAMES.

[Aunt Mattie in Household.]

I send a few games that the children here in the East, play in the public parks, where children are allowed, as I think they should be. They are not original with me, though I've seen nearly all of them, but they are given by a reader writer than myself. The latest game for children is entitled, "Among the Lily-white Daisies." The little ones stand in a circle, and if a boy is in the center of the ring, he chooses a girl to stand with him, and then the chorus commences. Suppose the boy is named Alfred Johnson and the girl Mattie Wilson:

Alfred is the first name,
First name, first name,
Alfred is the first name,
Among the Lily-white daisies.
Johnnie is his last name,
Last name, last name,
Johnnie is his last name,
Among the Lily-white daisies.

Then the girl's name is sung through in the same manner, and the words, if not the tune, changes to the pathetic. Now poor Alfred's deal and gone, deal and gone, deal and gone.

Now poor Alfred's deal and gone, among the Lily-white daisies.

A verse describing the lamentable fact that the girl has been left a widow is the following:

Twenty-four children at her feet, at her feet, at her feet,
Twenty-four children at her feet, among the Lily-white daisies.

There is another old game and one that is still a great favorite with the children in this park. It is as follows:

King William was King James' son,
And on a royal race he ran;
And on his breast he wore a star,
And it was called the life of war.
Go choose your East, go choose your West,
Go choose the one you love best,
If he's not here, go choose the one,
Now on this carpet you must kneel,
As sure as grass grows in the field;
Salute your king and kiss his sword,
And rise and stand upon your feet.
"London Bridge" is another. The verses run as follows:

London bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down,
London bridge is falling down,
Fare you well, my lady, oh!
Stole my watch and stole my chain, stole my chain,
Stole my chain;
Selling my bread and kiss his sword,
Fare you well, my lady, oh!
Oh to prison you must go, you must go, you must go,
Oh to prison you must go,
So fare you well, my lady, oh!

"Green Gravel" is quite a common game, but may not be familiar to all of you:
Green gravel, green gravel, the gravel is so green,
And all your relations advanced to be seen,
Green gravel, green gravel, your true love is dead,
He has sent you a letter to turn back your head.

Each child, as the verse is repeated, turns his or her head, until all are standing face outward. Then they shout: "Bunch of rags!" as loud as they can, and then run. All this is perhaps nonsensical and without meaning, but it pleases the children, and what more can be asked:

Open the gates as high as the sky,
Alfred King William's horses go by,
Is another old game which the children are fond of playing. The girls stand opposite to each other and join hands. When they "open the gates," which, literally, is to raise their hands, one of the crowd passes in. They then sing:

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
With this their hands descend, and the child thus imprisoned is asked to choose between two things. Having done this, she goes behind one of the girls, and when all have chosen, both sides pull, the side which breaks first being of course regarded as vanquished.

Every one who has passed along the streets about nightfall has heard the familiar story of "Miss Jennie Jones," sung by the children. They first tell you that they are going to see Miss Jennie Jones and ask: "how she is now?" The next verse tells you that she is in very sick, the next that she is worse, and the last that she is dead. At this point "Miss Jennie Jones," who has been hiding, runs out. The children scamp away, but one is generally caught. She then becomes "Miss Jennie Jones," and the game recommences. Another game which the little ones delight in is:

Out, peas, beans and barley mow,
This is the way the farmer sows;
He stands his foot, and claps his hands,
And turns round to view the land.

There are few mothers, but who will interest themselves enough in the sport of their children to teach them to sing these verses to some old familiar tune, and thus make them happy many a summer day.

The Invalid and the Nurse.

There was a little girl, once on a time, whose name was Alice Ray. She was a very good little girl, but rather headless; so headless, that she would often take cold by forgetting what her father said to her.

One day he said: "Remember this, Alice; when you are heated, you must never stand still where a cold current of air can blow upon you. The cold air may feel quite pleasant to you for a time; but it will check the perspiration too suddenly, and that will cause you to take cold."

"What do you mean by perspiration?" asked Alice.

"It is the exhalation that is constantly going on through the pores of the skin. When increased by heat or exercise, it forms drops of moisture on the skin commonly known as sweat."

"Yes, I know what it is," said Alice.

"I thought so. And now, little girl, will you remember what I say, and be

careful not to stand in a current of cold air while you are warm?"

"I'll try to remember it, papa," said Alice.

But two days afterwards Alice had forgotten all the good advice her father had given her. The weather was cool; but she had been driving hoop till she was heated through and through. All at once she caught sight of a hand-organ man and his monkey. She ran to see the show; and there she stood looking at it, and remained quite still for five minutes while the cold wind blew upon her.

In less than five minutes the mischief was done. That night Alice went to bed with symptoms of fever. The next day the doctor sent for, and Alice had to keep her bed for two weeks.

During that time her sister Ruth was her faithful nurse and companion, bringing her meals to her, and often sitting by her side, and reading to her from some good book.

At last, one fine morning in April, the doctor said that Alice might walk out on the piazza. What delight! The sun shone, the air was soft, and the wild violets on the lawn were in bloom. Alice and Ruth walked and played for an hour, and then the little invalid and her nurse went into the house. Alice thinks she will not forget another time her father's good advice about taking cold.

The Red-Winged Blackbird.

I think if we could have heard what the two parent birds said to each other, it would have been something like this:—

"Now, mother, just look at those three lazy little things, with their bills all stretched open, and crying for food. Don't you think it is about time for them to get their own living?"

"You're too hard on them, father. The dear little things! There is poor Billy!"

"Yes, he is well named; he is all bill." "There is poor Billy, I say; he is quite delicate. I thought at one time I should never be able to raise him."

"Billy delicate? Why, he is the greatest glutton of them all. He won't let the others have a bit of sing or worm if he can help it."

"Yes, the poor thing has an appetite, I know; but he is a darling all the same. You may send forth Tom and Tit to shift for themselves, but don't make Billy quit the nest yet. He is so sensitive."

"Sensitive, is it? I'll tell you what, mother; I'm not going to indulge those children any longer. Why, look at neighbor Twit-twit; his children are as old as ours by a week, and they get their own living now."

"The Twit-twits are a coarse family; my children are naturally refined."

"Nonsense! Out of that nest they must go this very instant!"

"Oh, the poor things! How cruel!"

Soon after this conversation took place, old Mr. Blackbird might have been seen standing on the nest, taking part in a dialogue with his son Billy. Here is a faithful report of it:

Papa Blackbird—"Well, Master Billy, why are you not gone with the rest?"

Billy—"Please, sir, I'd rather not. Work doesn't agree with me. It never did. It is plain that I was born to be waited upon. Oh, I'm so hungry! Why doesn't some one bring me a nice fat slug?"

"You young upstart! You are plump now with overfeeding. A little fasting will do you good. Now, my fine fellow, take your choice—starve, or go to work."

"Oh, this is too bad, too bad! I never have done a day's work in my life."

"It is time for you to begin then; you have been indulged till you think all the rest of the world was made to wait upon you. Quit this nest."

"What an unnatural parent! Must I, then, go to work? It is too bad, too bad!"

But Billy just then caught sight of a slug, and snapped it up. "Bravo, Billy!" cried his Papa. Thus encouraged Billy went to work, and soon found that industry was much better fun than idleness. He now thanks his papa for driving him out of the nest. He means soon to have a nest of his own; and if there is any lazy Billy in his brood, won't he catch it?—Alfred Selwyn.

Chinese.

We think the Chinese dress queer; the Chinese think ours the same. Each nation makes its own style the standard of comparison. An Englishman traveling through China was often amused by hearing the free criticism of the people on his clothing and appearance. On his arrival at an inn a crowd would gather, and he would hear such remarks as these:

"What a curious-looking fellow! he has no cue, and doesn't shave his head."

"And look at his tight clothes! They are not elegant!"

"Just so; and look at his hat, what a queer thing! What ugly eyes he has! His boots, however, are excellent; do you not think so?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; and I am told they never wear out, and water can't get through them."

If the over-curious people were driven out of the traveler's room, they would collect around the window. Those in front would make peep-holes in the paper, and there are no glass windows—with their fingers, and gaze for hours at the "barbarian." Free criticism would be offered as to his barbarous method of eating, with a pronged fork, thereby endangering his eyes and mouth, and at the old mixture of cold drinks and hot food. And that he should have two or three kinds of vegetables on his plate at once. But the strangest thing of all, the one they could not comprehend, was that he should have left his home to wander about their country.—Youth's Companion.

Hygienic Value of Mirth.

But, aside from all this, mirth has an hygienic value that can hardly be overrated while our social life remains what the slavery of vices and dogmas has made it. Joy has been called the sunshine of the heart, yet the same sun that calls forth the flowers of a plant is also needed to expand its leaves and ripen its fruits; and without the stimulus of exhilarating pastimes perfect bodily health is as impossible as moral and mental vigor. And as sure as a succession of uniform crops will exhaust the best soil, the daily repetition of a monotonous occupation will wear out the best man. Body and mind require an occasional change of employment, or else a liberal supply of fertilizing recreations, and this requirement is a factor whose omission often foils the arithmetic of our political economist.

To the creatures of the wilderness affliction comes generally in the form of impending danger—famine or persistent persecution; and under such circumstances the modifications of the vital process seem to operate against its long continuance; well-wishing nature sees her purpose defeated, and the vital energy flags, the sap of life runs to seed. On the same principle an existence of joyless drudgery seems to drain the springs of health, even at an age when they can draw upon the largest inner resources; hope, too often baffled, at last withdraws her aid; the tongue may be attuned to chanting hymns of consolation, but the heart cannot be deceived, and with its sinking pulse the strength of life ebbs away.

Nine-tenths of our city children are literally starving for lack of recreation; not the means of life, but its object, civilization has defrauded them of; they feel a want which bread can only aggravate, for only hunger helps them to forget the misery of ennui. Their pallor is the pallor of a cellar-plant; they would be healthier if they were happier. I would undertake to cure a sickly child with fun and rye-bread sooner than with tibbits and tedium.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald.

A Romantic Story.

Col. Albert G. Pelton, whose beautiful 20,000 acre ranch is out toward the Rio Grande, near Laredo, has been the Peter the Hermit of the Texas for years. He came to Texas in 1844, a common soldier. By talent and courage he rose to the rank of Colonel, and finally, in 1856, commanded Fort Macrae. That year he fell in love with a beautiful Spanish girl at Albequin, New Mexico. The admiration of the young people was mutual, and parental objections only intensified the affection of the lovers. Finally, after two years of entreaty and devotion, Col. Pelton won the consent of the parents of the beautiful Spanish girl and they were married.

One day the two, accompanied by the young wife's mother and twenty soldiers, rode out to the hot springs, six miles from the fort to take a bath. While in the bath, which is near the Rio Grande, an Indian arrow passed over their heads. Then a shower of arrows fell around them, and a band of wild Apache Indians rushed down upon them, whooping and yelling like a band of demons. Several of the soldiers fell dead, pierced with poisoned arrows. This frightened the rest, who fled. Another shower of arrows, and the beautiful bride and her mother dropped into the water, pierced by the cruel weapons of the Apaches. With his wife dying before his eyes, Col. Pelton dashed up the banks, grasped his rifle, and killed the leader of the savage fiends. But the Apaches were too much for the Colonel. Pierced with two poisoned arrows, he swam the river and hid under an over-hanging rock. After the savages had left, the Colonel swam the river and made his way back to Fort Macrae. Here his wounds were dressed, and he finally recovered, but only to live a blasted life—without love, without hope—with a vision of his beautiful wife, pierced with poisoned arrows, lying perpetually before his eyes.

After the loss of his wife a change came over Col. Pelton. He seemed to think that he had a sacred mission from heaven to avenge her death. He secured the most unerring rifles, surrounded himself with brave companions, and consecrated himself to the work of revenge. He was always anxious to lead any and all expeditions against the Apaches. Whenever any of the other Indians were at war with the Apaches, Col. Pelton would soon be at the head of the former. One day he would be at the head of his own soldiers and the next day he would be at the head of a band of Mexicans. He defied Indian arrows and courted death. Once with a band of the wildest desperadoes, he penetrated a hundred miles into the Apache country. The Apaches never dreamed that anything but an entire regiment would dare to follow them to their camp in the mountains. So when Col. Pelton swooped down into their camp with ten trusty followers, firing their Henry rifles at the rate of twenty times a minute, the Apaches fled in consternation, leaving their women and children behind. It was then that there darted out of a lodge a white woman.

"Spare the woman!" she cried, and then she fainted and fell to the ground. When the Colonel jumped from the saddle to lift up the woman he found she was blind.

MICHIGAN NEWS.

SCARLET FEVER has appeared in Adrian.

SEVERAL new business blocks are going up in Alpena.

THE Iowa races resulted in a loss of \$1,700 to their managers.

A MARRIAGE-DOWER association has been formed in Bay City.

A PAYING silver vein has been discovered near Ishpeming.

OVER thirty brick stores are in course of construction at Ludington.

THE scheme for building a third paper-mill at Rochester has fallen to pieces.

ONE Howard city family have picked and sold \$70 worth of huckleberries this summer.

FELICK STEVENS, one of the oldest pioneers of Kalamazoo county, died a few days ago.

THE contract for building the Flint cotton-mills has been let, and ground broken for the foundation.

THOMAS FOSTER, of Flint, sold five 10-months-old heifers to a Saginaw man for \$1,750 one day last week.

A PRINTER from the southern part of the State is making preparations to start a paper in Montmorency county.

ROBERT FORSYTH, who lives nine miles east of the city, is the fortunate possessor of a gas well.—Adrian Times.

THE Barnard-Curtis murder case, which has been transferred to Eaton county, may be tried at a special term of court very soon.

THE pulp-mill in Utica, Macomb county, has shut down, and probably will not be started again, on account of the scarcity of wood and the failure of the proprietors.

CHARLES STILLWELL, son of James Stillwell, of Schoolcraft, fell from an apple-tree, striking his head upon a marble slab and receiving injuries which are believed to be fatal.

J. H. STEVENS has platted a large quantity of lands into village lots at the place where the county seat of the new county of Montmorency is designated by act of Legislature.

DURING the season just closed over two thousand bushels of whortleberries were shipped from Baldwin, Lake county. The pickers received an average price of \$2.50 per bushel for them.

PORT SANILAC stood it without a saloon for a time, but finally a man was found who in some way dodged the \$10,000-bond resolution of the trustees, and got into the business on a \$4,000 bond.

BELLEVUE Gazette: One day last week four generations sat down to dinner at the residence of W. A. Judd, consisting of two grandmothers and two great-grandmothers. The aggregate number of years represented by the four grandmothers was 245. Taking one of each generation the sum of their ages was 140.

LINDEN Record: Quite a number of farmers in this county complain that a new pest has made its appearance in the shape of a worm that attacks their corn. The worm is of a dark color, and eats its way into the heart of the cob. They are puzzled to know whether it is the army-worm or some other new-fangled animal.

A horse in Vermontville, Eaton county, being turned loose in a field where some log heaps had been burned, selected a pile of ashes to roll in. Then presently a rain drenched that horse, and the action of the water upon the ashes that clung to him made a strong lye which ate hair, hide and flesh, and it was thought the horse would die.

THE Commissioners appointed by Gov. Jerome to represent the State at the meeting of the American Pomological Society at Boston have issued a circular stating that it is necessary, on account of expense, to collect the specimens at a central point, and have designated Lansing as the place. To facilitate the collection, the Commissioners have distributed the territory of the Lower Peninsula as follows: Northern Michigan, Prof. W. J. Beal, Lansing; Southern Michigan, E. H. Scott, Ann Arbor; Southwestern Michigan, T. T. Lyon, South Haven; Northwestern Michigan, J. G. Rumsdell, Traverse City; Central Michigan, W. K. Gibson, Jackson, assisted by H. Dale Adams, of Galesburg. The State Fruit Committee of the American Pomological Society has also issued a circular requesting the pomologists of Michigan to forward to its Chairman, H. Dale Adams, of Galesburg, before September, all information possible concerning fruit and fruit-growing in this State.

THE Port Sanilac Reporter of a recent date says: Ten years ago the coming October parts of Sanilac and Huron counties were devastated by fire, and thousands of persons were turned out on the then hot, smoky world, homeless and penniless. At that time there resided near White Rock a farmer by the name of Hugh McCafferty. He had only one child, a son, who lived with him. Neither he nor the boy were ever seen after the fire swept over the village, and his disappearance has been shrouded in mystery since. He owed no debts and had no reason for leaving in a hurry, yet the belief has been quite common that he was alive and would some day return. The mystery was destined to be cleared up some day, however, and last week the cloud was removed. Some workmen were engaged in clearing away the underbrush on T. and J. S. Thompson's land west of the village, when two skeletons were found. With the bones were found buttons, a jack-knife, pair of spectacles and case, and other articles which were recognized by those who were acquainted with McCafferty as belonging to him, and they leave no room to doubt that the bones are the only earthly remains of the unfortunate man and his son, who were overtaken by the fire in their flight for life and burned to death.

HE went to the back door, and there he saw his garden, the pride of his waking hours and the subject of his dreams, looking like an editor's office. He sat down on the doorstep and said, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, I keep a hen."

LONDON has 32,356 persons to the square mile.